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Mr. Lester Wallack made his re-appearance on Monday evening of the present week as Young Marlow, in "She Stoops to Conquer." He was received by a large and enthusiastic audience, who warmly welcomed him back to the scene of his former triumphs. In a certain school of acting Mr. Wallack stands alone; he is always gentlemanly, amusing and at times very funny, while his fine person and bearing eminently qualify him for the personation of parts of a romantic or heroic character.

At the New York Theatre, Miss Eytinge, Mrs. Wilkins and Mr. Mortimer have been supplanted by Miss Eliza Newton, Miss Sallie Hinckley and Mr. J. W. Lanegan, in the respective parts of Kate Peyton, Mrs. Ryder and Griffith Gaunt, and "Griffith Gaunt" is probably destined to have a still longer run by the additional novelty. "Cindrillon," a fairy piece which has been very successful in Paris, is underlined at this Theatre, and will be produced at the conclusion of the run of "Griffith Gaunt"—but when that event will take place the Fates only can tell.

A dramatization of Wilkie Collins' novel "Armadale," by Miss Olive Logan, was produced at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening of this week, with Miss Kate Reingold's as Miss Gwilt. The play is powerfully dramatic and sensational, being filled with telling situations, and strong, vigorous dialogue, and gives all the salient points of the novel very well. Miss Logan is a dramatist of undoubted ability, and this, her last work, compares favorably with her former efforts.

Miss Reingold's plays the difficult part of Miss Gwilt with pronounced success; her dying scene is particularly fine and dramatic.

The play is well put upon the stage, and the acting throughout is, for the most part, meritorious. It is to be withdrawn after this week to give place to Mr. E. L. Davenport, who is announced to appear in several of his more successful characters.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY EXHIBITION.—SOUTH ROOM.

"Evening in Kemmore's Preserve, Ireland," by A. H. Wyant. A quietly sunny little picture, good in color but not quite up to the artist's usual standard, being evidently one of his earlier works.

"Little Mischief," by Louis Long, is a bright, sunny picture, full of good, strong color and, moreover, replete with humor and naturalness.

"Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," by Kaufmann. This is one of the largest and most ambitious pictures in the collection, and although, as a whole, unsatisfactory, presents many points of rare excellence, one of the most noticeable of which is the excellent drapery painting and rich color that are to be found in many parts of it. Take, for instance, the figure of the central monk, who is hurling the dogmas of the church at the unfortunate head of Columbus: it is full of strong, powerful drawing and expression, while the sweep of the drapery is almost grand in its massive folds. Another good point in the picture is the effect of sunlight coming through the window on the left and falling upon the different fig-

ures. Columbus is the worst figure in the picture; weak and expressionless, he gives but a sorry idea of the great discoverer. Taken altogether, however, and overlooking the small faults that are in it, the "Columbus" may be considered as a success; the general effect, it is true, is unsatisfactory, but a close inspection develops so many fine points that one is compelled to accord to it great praise.

"Portraits of Laboulaye and Gasparin," by Edward H. Magare, two strongly painted heads, full of character and power, and withal excellent and life-like portraits of the distinguished personages they are intended to represent.

"Study from Nature, Irvington, N. Y.," by Samuel Colman. Mr. Colman seems to have discarded his old style and adopted a new one, depicting Nature in her cooler, fresher moments. The "Study from Nature" is a very agreeable picture, cool in tone and excellent in motive and handling.

"Hudson River," "Niagara Falls, American Side," by J. F. Kensett. Why Mr. Kensett should have exhibited these pictures, I am at a loss to understand; they are evidently two of his earliest efforts, are but sorry specimens of his really great artistic skill, being hard, crude, bad in drawing and color, and in almost every way unsatisfactory. But it would be next to impossible for Kensett to paint two utterly bad pictures, and in the "Niagara Falls" there is a feeling of rush and transparency in the water which saves it from entire condemnation. It was very unwise on the part of Mr. Kensett to exhibit these two pictures—true, he has established his reputation as one of the foremost of landscape painters; but, as a general thing, the public care but little for the early work of an artist—we are a go-a-head people and prefer perfection to mediocrity—hence, it is a dangerous experiment for a great painter to exhibit works which in his early days might have been very clever but which, now that he has gained his reputation, are almost sufficient to damn him in the estimation of the general public.

"Landing of the Huguenots in Florida," by Edwin White. A grand and imposing picture. Mr. White has caught the true sentiment of the subject, and gives us a picture which is admirable for its rendering of character and solemn impressiveness. The picture, although not a new one, is one that will always be admired, not only from the interest of the subject represented, but from the power and skill displayed in its execution.

"Hercules," by Prof. S. F. B. Morse. Grand in its Michael Angelesque proportions and action but belonging to a school of art which is somewhat *passé*.

"The Hudson from the Jersey Shore," by Geo. Inness, develops all the worst points in that artist's style, being muddy in color, and smudgy and careless in execution, while the waters of the "noble Hudson" are running down hill at a rate which promises shortly to inundate the merry little town of Manhattan.

"On the Thames," by Whistler. A most strangely and disagreeably manneristic work, possessing several good points, but marred by a general effect of smudginess and blurr—I can find no other word to express the idea—which is far from pleasant.

"American Slave Mart," by T. S. Noble. This is the most pretentious picture in the exhibition, and undeniably has its good points, but the subject appears to have been beyond the painter, and the result is a work of great unevenness, good in parts, but characterized by a spottiness of color and great weakness in the drawing of many of the figures. Had Mr. Noble painted the "Slave Mart" on a smaller canvas, he would undoubtedly have made a successful picture, but, as it is, his work is any thing but satisfactory, and affords a good illustration of the "vaulting ambition which doth o'erleap itself."

"View on Lake Sanford, Adirondac," by Henry A. Ferguson. A well and carefully painted landscape, full of the feeling and sentiment of the great Northern Woods.

In strong contrast to the last named picture is Mr. John Williamson's "Summit of Chocorua by Twilight," which is crude and disagreeable in color, drawing and execution.

"The Sentinel," by Ed. Frere, is a charming little *genre* picture in the artist's best style. The "The Sentinel" is a little urchin who has been left to watch the boiling pot, but who, alas!—like many another sentinel—is neglecting his duty: being deeply absorbed in the perusal of a fairy book, or some stirring account of "moving accidents by flood and field," while the unguarded pot is boiling over right lustily.

"Early Mass, Christmas Morning in Brittany," by G. H. Boughton. A most charming picture, sweet and pure in sentiment and excellent in general execution. The devotional and affectionate expression on the face of the girl and the happy, confiding smile of the mother are capital, while the strong coloring in the two figures stand out admirably against the cool, pearly greys of the landscape.

"High Peak and Round Top in the Winter," by Charles H. Moore. "Horrors on horrors accumulate!" Where, in the name of all that's sensible, is the preraphaelite school drifting to? Here is a landscape, purporting to represent nature, painted entirely in blue, white and black—the sky is blue, the shadows are blue, the ground is white, and the trees are black, and this, according to the preraphaelite doctrine, is nature! I would suggest to philanthropic lovers of art the propriety of founding a school for the encouragement and promotion of common sense among these misguided individuals, as at present they seem to be sadly in want of that desirable commodity.

"September," by Jervis McEntee, is a cool, sharp landscape, full of fine color and a good effect of clear, crisp atmosphere.

"The Proposal," by Plasson. A picture full of strong, effective color and excellent drapery painting. The faces are somewhat exaggerated, but do not greatly detract from the general excellence of the work.

"Florentine Poet," by Cabanel, is a copy of the larger picture of the same name and is characterized by a softness and delicacy in color and execution which is much to be admired.

In the Sculpture Room there are but few works of any particular merit, save an admirable medalion portrait of A. B. Durand, by E. J. Kuntze,

which gives one an excellent idea of the gifted artist.

The collection of pictures, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund, is very creditable, containing good specimens of the styles of some of our best artists. Prominent among the works exhibited is "Morning on the Hudson, Haverstraw Bay," by S. R. Gifford—a most exquisite picture, which is all the more commendable from the fact that it is entirely different in style and color from any of the artist's warm, glowing pictures.

This ends the notice of the artists' Fund Society Exhibition; in reviewing the pictures, I have endeavored to do so with an unbiassed and unprejudiced eye, giving praise where it is due and not sparing that which is bad. Some pictures may have been overlooked, but it is next to impossible to notice every picture in a large exhibition and the critic is forced to content himself with those which are positively good, positively bad, or such as give promise of future excellence in the painter.

The Fifth Annual Exhibition of pictures of the French, English and Flemish Schools is now open at the Studio Building, in Tenth street, and is attracting some notice. Although, as a whole, unsatisfactory, the collection contains many good works of foreign artists, which shall be noticed next week.

The artists of the Studio Building gave their first "At Home" on Saturday of last week, and were visited by many art lovers. This is a very good idea, and will undoubtedly serve to excite some interest in American art; one great fault, however, in the present plan is that the invitations issued are too exclusive, being extended only to a certain set; let them be to the public in general, and the fact thoroughly advertised throughout the daily and weekly papers; this will draw in outsiders, and the people may perchance have their eyes open to the fact that we have amongst us artists who can rank with the greatest of those of the old country, and that they can buy as good pictures from native painters as they will find in the auction galleries and salesrooms of foreign picture dealers.

PALETTE.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR JEALOUSY," by CHARLES READE. Published by TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Probably no work of fiction produced within the last half century has created such a sensation and received so much severe criticism as "Griffith Gaunt." It appears to be fair game for every quill driver to hurl his venomous shafts at, and pour out his torrents of abuse upon, poor Mr. Reade! He little knew what a hornet's nest of criticism he was raising about his ears when he wrote this novel—a novel which, in after years, will stamp him as one of giants of literature of the nineteenth century. Next to Thackeray, Mr. Reade is, without a doubt, the greatest novelist of the age; and in some points he is even superior to Thackeray, having a greater command of language, and investing his dialogues with a force and power which is eminently vigorous and natural. Herein lies the great charm of Mr. Reade's style, it is so essentially true to human nature, his characters talk like men and women, and not

like the stilted, pedantic beings we find in novels, but never in the world. Then again, there is a freshness and vigor in all his writing, a bold Saxon bluntness, which does not hesitate to call things by their proper names, instead of covering them up with the affected prudery of society; add to this his great power of drawing character—in which he is unsurpassed by every living writer—and we find that Mr. Reade is possessed of all the necessary requisites of a great novelist—a novelist who, although sensation newspapers may revile, the people will always read and admire. But "Griffith Gaunt" has been attacked on the score of its morality, and this by one of our leading papers, the editors of which have made themselves conspicuous for their opposition to the opinions of other journalists, and a continued abuse of everything good, bad, and indifferent. Let us look at their record of literary morality, and see if this is not a case of "the pot calling the kettle black." About a year since was published in the journal in question, a paper entitled "The Purple Woman," which was an elaborate account of the well-being, handsome dresses, manners and "turn outs" of the unfortunate *traviatas* of our great city. The writer of it chuckled with glee over the idea that those unfortunates might be seen in the Park seated in a handsome carriage, and driving neck and neck with the wives and families of ministers, bankers, and respectable merchants, and hinted that, of the two, the wife of the minister, banker, or respectable merchant was apt to look less a lady than her traller neighbor. The article was doubtless written with the most strictly moral intentions, but it certainly sounded otherwise.

Then, at a later period appeared a paper which attempted to prove by specious arguments that the majority of American women were habitual drunkards. In addition to the two above mentioned papers, several others of an equally immoral character appeared in the journal, the names of which have, at the moment, slipped our memory. And this paper is to set itself up in opposition to "Griffith Gaunt" on the score of its immorality! The plot of the story is a disagreeable one we admit, but as to its morality no reasonable reader will deny that it is quite as strong on that score as any of the modern novels, and certainly far beyond the works of Fielding, Smollet, and many other of the old writers. But the plot we do not consider so much; the great beauty of "Griffith Gaunt" lies in the vigor and terseness of the dialogue, and the wonderful knowledge of human nature displayed by its author in the drawing of character; hence, as a story, we do not look upon it as a thorough success, but as a true and life-like picture of humanity, both in its best and worst phases, and as a piece of strong, vigorous and incisive writing, we do not for instant hesitate to pronounce the greatest work of the age.

The National Conservatory, now located in Madison Avenue, near 29th Street, commenced its series of soirees on Friday evening, Nov. 30th, with excellent promise of success, the rooms being well filled and the select audience there assembled expressing gratification for the musical entertainment then provided by Professors and Pupils.

[For the American Art Journal.]

OJOS CRIOLLOS.

Come once more, oh wild notes flowing—

Come, thou power most divine!
Like a god, my right hand raising,
I can call the dead years mine!
Come, lost days! not flown forever—
Love, like Memory, never dies;
Nor the music that we loved so,
Faithful still, sweet Creole Eyes!

You are shining down upon me,
As the swift chords swell and fall;
Other treasures have been fleeting—
Ye seem steadfast over all!
Nothing lingers—life is floating
On the strong tide far away;
You and I alone are waiting
For the glory of the day.
Only you are looking, looking—
Lingering when Life's fever flies;
Only you and I are living
In this dream, bright Creole Eyes!

Flash, ye wild notes, through my vision,
Sweep to the eternal sea!
Sweep the wrecks of earthly passion
Farther from those eyes and me!
While the hurrying tide is swiftest,
Leave us stranded safe and far—
Looking down on Time's vain current,
High above its weary war.
High above the strife and sinning,
And the bitter sacrifice,
Let us dream and never waken,
Never more, dear Creole Eyes!

Ye are still as deep and tender
As in years long passed away;
Fair as if no night had fallen
Since that last and brightest day;
Still the sad and wistful shadow
O'er your haughty glory lies—
Lift the sorrow and the longing
Up to Heaven, sad Creole Eyes!

For the dream already going—
For the dream long dead and gone—
For the peace I may not cling to,
As the swift notes hurry on!
Pray for us! that we no longer
Cast Life's glory all aside;
That *this* dream be ours forever,
Though too soon the last one died!
Lift your voice, oh you that loved me!
Pray for me! the swift tide rolls,
And the chords grow deeper—vaster—
As the gulf between our souls!
Lift your prayer that you may linger
When the last frail shadow dies;
Pass not on this sweeping current
To the sea, oh Creole Eyes!

I can feel the south wind blowing
With the spice-balm in its breath;
And I hear the great sea singing,
Life is victor over Death;
I can see the heaven bend blue,
O'er your eyes, like stars divine,
And the rising gems of twilight
In the day's last glory, shine.